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Class L. C. 1

Book 1



OUR AMERICAN JOSIAH.

EASTON, PA., June 2, 1865.

Rev. C. H. EDGAR, D. D.:

Reverend and dear sir:

Your able, touching and eloquent discourse upon the National Fast Day, was listened to with deep interest and great satisfaction by those present.

The undersigned, believing that its circulation would do good, respectfully ask the favor of having the manuscript for publication.

Very truly,

H. D. Maxwell,

John Vanderveer,

Traill Green,

E. D. Millard,

John Green,

R. S. Childsey,

E. F. Stewart,

S. Transeau,

John Pollock,

H. Green.

This sermon is given to the press in response to the foregoing note. C. H. E.

And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah.—2 CHRONICLES XXXV. 24.

The mourning for Josiah was so spontaneous, so sincere, and so general, that, for a long time after, it was spoken of as unprecedented and never equalled. From that time until now—nearly three and twenty centuries, no ruler was ever so lamented as the simple-hearted, honest, young and sturdy Josiah,—the God-fearing, patriotic, great reformer. His character and work have in our day found a parallel, and the mourning of which our text speaks has been surpassed. We do not assert that

a greater and a better ruler has lately passed away from among us—caught up like Elijah in a chariot of fire, but we dare say the grief is as sincere, and the mourning far more widely extended. Not intimating the least detraction from the merits of the reformation by the good King Josiah, we honestly believe that larger numbers will be benefitted, and more marked and permanent results for good will take date with the administration of the equally good and not less great President Lincoln.

“And Jeremiah lamented for Josiah: and all the singing-men and the singing-women spake of Josiah in their lamentations.” This tribute to worth and this expression of mourning for a good man and a great ruler has been repeated and multiplied in our national funeral which has continued for forty-eight days and is this day consummated by religious services throughout the land. The priests and the choirs in our Israel have taken up the weeping prophet’s lamentation, and with bowed heads have exclaimed and on plaintive harps have sung, *The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord was taken away in their pits, of whom we said, under his shadow we shall live.*

The exercises for which we meet are

expressive of an appreciation of true worth and great services:—they also signify an acknowledgement of God and our gratitude to him for a great gift:—these public gatherings at the grave of the dead on which the grass in its new growth is not yet green pledge us not only to the affectionate memory of our MARTYR but to the imitation of his character and the perpetuation of his principles:—we mean also by our solemn assembling, to declare to the Sovereign Ruler that we are humbled under his rebukes, and that we repent of the sins which have brought his heavy hand upon us and stained our glory and reduced our pride. These I take to be the lessons of the occasion. Little need be said to elaborate or enforce these lessons after all that you have heard from this pulpit, and all the sermons you have read, with which, for weeks, the press has teemed. Let us suspend these lessons and recur to the character and public work of him at whose death all Judah and Jerusalem mourned. If you see a parallelism between King Josiah and President Lincoln, you cannot say the preacher makes it. If it exists, God made it. It is ours to read it, mark it, learn it, and inwardly digest it.

I must refer you to the sacred record for details as to the character and public labors of the good Josiah. I shall be as brief in the resume and exposition as my purpose will allow. Hear this certificate and endorsement. "Like unto Josiah was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his

heart, and with all his soul and with all his might, according to all the laws of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him." Let us rehearse a few items. He was young and unskilled in the craft of politicians when he was called to the administration of the government. Preceding him with an interval of only two years was the long and corrupt reign of Manasseh,—one of the worst of men. Manasseh had neutralized the work and influence of the pious but not strong Hezekiah—his predecessor, building again idolatrous altars, passing his sons through the fire of Moloch, using enchantments, dealing with familiar spirits, and wizards, and working much wickedness to provoke the Lord to anger. Moreover Manasseh shed innocent blood very much. He reigned fifty-five years and was succeeded by Amon who reigned two years, walking in the way in which his father walked. Here was a period of fifty-seven years of wickedness and corruption. Surely the government needed reforming. It needed new life-blood infused into it to prevent a total decay and demise, and to perpetuate its life and to fulfil its mission. It was to such a state of things that Josiah succeeded. He was chosen by the people. He was young, and pure, and did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and turned not aside to the right hand or the left. Imagine the difficulties under which he began and prosecuted the work of reformation to which he felt himself called. There were usages of more than half a century which he was bound to ignore and annul; and as

usage is a kind of sacred sanction it required a firm hand as well as a pure heart to set himself against time-strong customs. You can easily conceive how many must have been involved in one way or another in idolatry as a *business* as well as a religion. Priests served the altars for their living; mechanics built them; farmers found a market for their cattle as victims; weavers and seamstresses and artists found a sale for their tapestries and their skilful works for ornament. When the proclamation of the total abolishment of idolatry was issued, what a howl of devilish hatred of the good king there must have been from those whose occupation was gone; and what a scorn and contempt by those genteel and highly cultured idolaters for this stripling reformer who had presumed to set himself against the doctrines and usages in which two generations had been educated. No doubt many said it was a hard thing that those who had grown rich and whose entire business and family comforts depended upon the continuance of the long-established policies of the preceding administrations must come to poverty if the plans and proclamations of this young reformer were allowed to prevail. So it was not an easy task for the pious and patriotic king. But he was right; he was sure he was right, and so he "went ahead." "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." And he was stronger than the usages, stronger than the traditions, stronger than the pecuniary interests, stronger

than the arrogant, genteel, idolatrous aristocracy arrayed against him. He won the day,

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

The following were the leading acts and doings of his reign. He caused the temple to be repaired which had been neglected and filled with rubbish and filth while the great majorities of the people had been wedded to idolatry. In prosecution of this work the "book of the law" was found in the house of the Lord. Of course the institutes of Moses and the moral code had been neglected,—the very book containing them, which was their constitution, having been lost and forgotten. The discovery of this book was reported to the king, who, when it was read to him, rent his clothes in expression of repentance in behalf of the people, and in grief that as a nation they had exposed themselves to the wrath of Jehovah. He institutes immediately a solemn inquiry of the Lord as to duty. In view of the evils threatened because the people had forsaken the God of their fathers, he convokes the Senators and rehearses to them the law: and then swears them and himself swears to walk after the Lord and keep his commandments. With steady purpose and sturdy blows and untiring vigor he proceeds upon the mission to which he felt himself called. His reign was long enough, for he finished his work, though he died in his prime. In that short time, and

in face of all the opposition he met, he rebuilt and cleansed the temple, re-established the Passover, destroyed the altars and vessels of Baal, caused the leaders who had seduced the people from their allegiance to Jehovah to be put to death, and he put away the workers with familiar spirits. In one of his proclamations occur the words, "Keep the Passover unto the Lord your God as it is written in the book of the covenant." This shows us the man purposing to carry out the institutes of Moses and Samuel, adhering to the constitution which had been given to their forefathers, the spirit of which had, under the corrupt administrations of his two predecessors, quite died out. And surely there was not holden such a Passover from the days of the judges that judged Israel, nor of the kings of Judah. And like unto him was no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses, neither after him arose any like him. And when he died all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for him. It was right. It was due. The memory of the just is blessed. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. The mourning was spontaneous, public and merited. His character was pure, his labors great, his services beneficial. You cannot withhold the meed of your approbation of such a man, and of the success of labors so herculean. You honor yourselves, and you honor human nature, and you honor the grace of the Redeemer, when you applaud the man who sets himself to do right in the fear of God, whether in a humble or in a more extended sphere. If the crowds in Jerusalem and the inhabitants of the villages and the peasants in the rural districts ceased from their labors and their recreations on the day in which Josiah was shot, and made a great mourning for him for many days, and if strong men bent their heads and gave way to long-unaccustomed tears, you say it was a tribute to personal worth and to public usefulness; and you say too, they honored themselves in thus mourning for the king who came suddenly to a violent death when they thought his work was not yet done and vainly hoped he had many years to live in which to serve his country.

We have a similar occasion and as good cause to mourn. We did mourn when the news was flashed through the land that President Lincoln had been assassinated. We do not cease to mourn. Though we wept while our affliction was fresh till it seemed that the fountains of tears would run dry—wept tears of pity, of grief, of rage, and of wrath,—and though so many startling events have occurred since that black day to occupy our thoughts,—and though all the land was draped in mourning, and millions thronged to join a funeral train of sixteen hundred miles in length, and the voice of the orator was heard in eulogy from every rostrum, and the prayers of pastors and solemn dirges ascended from every synagogue and church and cathedral from the centre to the border,—and though our bereavement

awakened the sympathies and condolence of peoples across the waters who had hitherto wished us no good,—so that in fact there has never been such mourning, still, so far from having exhausted our grief and notwithstanding the good news of peace which has made us glad, we are called to spend one day in special commemoration and mourning and humiliation, and we think it well to assemble in response to the call to pay another formal though I am sure it will not be a final tribute of a grateful nation to her beloved benefactor.

With all your knowledge of the events of the four past years—a knowledge burnt in by war, the very fires of which have revealed and illuminated the honesty and wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, it is not necessary to go into a minute analysis of his character or a detail of the public events with which his name will stand forever indissolubly connected. The parallelism between the characters of these reformers of twin-spirit, and the important and difficult work it was the mission of each respectively to perform, you must have perceived. If your conviction was carried that the mourning for the one was right, so was it right that such a funeral should be given, and that one day should be specially devoted to religious ceremonies in commemoration of our AMERICAN JOSIAH.

In his antecedents Abraham Lincoln was not an unknown man, nor an untried one. He was however in a certain sense a new man. Having no tangling alliances with professional politicians

and therefore asking favor of no one and owing favor to no one, he was called fresh from the people to such a work as no man in this nation if in all time has had and no man in all our future history will again have to accomplish. He sets out on his journey to enter upon that work with calm reliance on God asking the people to pray for him, fully persuaded that without divine guidance he cannot succeed, and with it he cannot fail. Sublime simplicity! What a child's spirit, what filial faith is this, and what a guarantee of heaven's wisdom to inspire him, for *the meek will he guide in judgment and the meek will he teach his way.* It is Josiah's spirit, and Josiah's God was his help in time of need.

His great business was a single one, and that was to REBIND THE UNION. There was but one method of doing it and that was to UNBIND THE SLAVE. He did the latter, and thus accomplished the former.

He was called to his high office by the people at a time when the genius of freedom seemed weary of her stay with a people who had done her less honor than they professed. He unfurled the Stars and Stripes. Freedom saw her favorite banner in the hands of her faithful son. She perched upon it as he carried it forward to the rescue of the nation and of the rights of man. Hereafter forever where that dear old flag shall float will freedom make her home, and the people rejoice in their nation's redemption and integrity. He was called to weld the broken chain which

had held the States together, and to show that our fathers had not with so much cost and sacrifice spun only a rope of sand. He was called to rebuild the house—the temple of our nationality, and to bring out and republish that old book of the covenant which our fathers bequeathed us, the true intent and right interpretation of which had been forgotten for at least one if not many administrations. That covenant said the Union is one, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*. It was his business to republish and maintain that doctrine. He has done it. In his way to the accomplishment of his mission lay a giant hindrance. It must be conquered or he must fail. The question came to be simply *THE UNION WITHOUT SLAVERY, OR SLAVERY WITHOUT UNION*. It was not a new question to him, but he waited, patiently biding his time until he proposes the issue and puts the gravest and most complicated troubles which had shaken the nation from the beginning, in a form so simple that every one could understand it. To his clear calm mind it had for many years crystalized into this brief comprehensive statement. When he came to work out the problem Providence had given him to solve, Slavery was old and strong and impudent. It had elbowed decent people out of the so-called *best* society in the Capital. It had looked with eager eye on Texas and Mexico, and, under specious pretexts, had extended its area. It had virtually spiked the guns in the nation's ships of war on the coast of Africa set to watch the slave-stealers. It had stunned to the

floor in the halls of Congress the eloquent advocate of freedom and an advanced civilization than whom its boasting chivalry never had a superior in culture. It had said *give, give*, and still insatiate was ever making new demands. It had required the tongues of the preachers of the gospel of truth and liberty to say its heathen Shibboleth, and had silenced by expulsion and imprisonment those whose tongues could not and would not pronounce the jargon of barbarism. And after it had been outargued in the press, and on the floor of Congress, and on the stump, and in the lyceum, and in the pulpit, it withdrew and aimed the guns which it had stolen from the nation against the very mother at whose breasts those had been nurtured who counseled that withdrawal and who manned those guns. So strong, so exacting, so defiant was slavery. Such the odds against which our standard-bearer had to contend. But truth is stronger than error: freedom is stronger than slavery: the love for the Union was stronger than the interests of a section or a class. We know the result of a conflict which has made the land shake and has arrested the attention of the world. Great is the gain, but O how great our loss. Our grief is still poignant. But there is a relief to our long anxieties, for the question is settled and the agony is over, the Union is restored and our nation is free. The meteor rebellion which glared in the southern sky has burst, and, as they might have known, those are most hurt who walked in its lurid light boasting that it was a better

sun than the old one which lighted and cheered alike their sires and ours.

It was Mr. Lincoln's great work to *reform* the nation, and he did it by *transforming* the chattel into a man. He unbound the slave and so rebound the Union. He saw with sagacious eye the coming conflict and said in a nice contrast and exact meaning in the words, "I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." When the issue had been taken and while the war was raging with varying success, he spoke as with the voice of a sage and a prophet, "This issue embraces more than the fate of the United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional government can maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes." He tells us that his heart gravitates towards the freedom of the individual man. His profession of faith on this subject is, "I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." And yet he was not an enthusiast, absorbed in the worship of the negro, for he well said, "In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free." He fully appreciated the measure and the meaning of the great war, and with an eye upon the future said, "The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we

do know how to save the Union. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility." Upon his conviction of the responsibility and of the efficiency of the means, and of the right to do what he did, and with a respectful regard for the opinions of his fellow men, and with the profoundest acknowledgment of Jehovah's justice and favor he closes that document which will make his name immortal—a state paper which turned four millions of *things* into *men*, with these memorable words, "Upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." With what fervency did he pray in that most religious state paper that was ever penned or published by any of our rulers—his last inaugural—and how speedily was it answered, "fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away." How beautiful and fitting, how tender, how paternal, and how christian, the last public official sentence that ever fell from his lips, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and among all nations."

Such was the *mission* of our JOSIAH, viz: to rebind the States, to demonstrate

nationality, to reform the people to the original idea of every man's inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Such was the *method* which his instinctive sense of justice prompted, and the constitution warranted, and Providence put into his hands to use, to wit: the abolishment of slavery. He used the means; he accomplished the end.

There have been enough to curse him. It was to be expected. The curses of such are an honor. Of a greater than he it was said "let him be crucified." But millions of a dark-browed and down-trodden race rise up from their low estate as things into recognition as men and call him blessed. Ages to come will find his story in their school-books. Every child in all future time in all the world will learn the name and worth of the great Emancipator. Washington, forever "first in the hearts of his countrymen," will no longer stand alone and without a rival, though himself far above all Grecian and all Roman heroes. History, not disturbing the Father of our country in the loftiest niche in the temple of Fame, will place beside him our own beloved Lincoln; and, as he ascends to the honors he has earned, I seem to see the grand form of the hitherto peerless Washington bending to welcome his twin-patriot to that high eminence, generously and gladly sharing with him the people's profoundest reverence and undying gratitude.

"Since Washington no man hath sat
(Unconscious greatness all his own),
So good, so great, so grandly wise,
So meekly on the people's throne.

Like Washington, he lived to save
A race from bondage, and he died
As loved, revered, and wept as he,
To stand in glory by his side."

What an elevation! He was once a poor boy. At the age of ten he went to hard labor. He had small opportunities at school. What made him great? He would have been great even though he had never been President,—great, though he had never been famous. He was desirous of getting solid learning. He read the best books he could get, and thoroughly mastered whatever book or work he undertook. He had no idle or vicious habits. He was not profane. He used no intoxicating drinks. He controlled his appetites and governed his temper. He was an observer of the Sabbath, and a diligent reader of the Bible. He was an advocate of temperance. He had a reputation for honesty and uprightness. These are the elements of greatness. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

We are too near him to measure him. While in the shadow of a mountain you can have no just conception of its grandeur. Your first view of Niagara does not fill you with the awe which inspires you after you have stood again and again surveying its wondrous volume and stupendous height, and hearing the astounding eloquence of its power. As in a picture,

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the
piece;
Mellow each tint and bid each discord cease;
A softer tone of light pervades the whole
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul,—

so it will be with the great Reformer. Those who come after us, though they cannot mourn his loss as we do, will see his worth as we do not. The picture of his public life will improve by time. Our new nation taking date in 1865 will connect his name with its future prosperity, as we have dated our grand development hitherto with the name of Washington and the ever memorable 1776. We hardly dare look far into the future of our history lest our eyes be dazzled with the glory which beams upon it if a benignant Providence shall continue to favor us. In all that history the fearful agony to put down the great rebellion will not be forgotten, nor will *he* cease to be remembered who more than any other man travailed and agonized and delivered us. Though he died too soon, as the nation's tears have testified, he lived long enough to see that his work and labor of love had not been in vain. He saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied.

We must not use this occasion for useless eulogy. It was not to praise the dead and nothing more, that we were summoned from our homes and from business on this secular day. We are called by the President's proclamation to public mourning, humiliation and prayer, as well as to the commemoration of the "prince and the great man" in our Israel. It is well to pause again. We still mourn, though our elastic spirit has risen from the blow under which we bent. We live in the midst of hurrying events, and these hurry us

with them. Our minds quickly leave the past and are absorbed in the present; and even impatient with the present we leap into the future and inquiringly wonder what the morrow will bring forth. There is liability of missing the religious benefit of this great national affliction, because there is a general and confident belief that our present Chief Magistrate is so exactly suited to the times. For this we are thankful. But this does not remove the sorrow though it alleviates it. We still mourn though we dare not murmur. We must be humble, and repent, and renew covenant with the God of our fathers lest that come upon us which is written, "I gave her space to repent and she repented not:—Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

What then do we mean by this meeting and these religious services? We mean to express and leave on record *our appreciation of the private worth and the public services of the man we mourn.* This we have done in comparing him with the purest man and most successful reformer that ever sat upon the throne of Judah. But this is not the whole of the significance of this occasion. We hereby make an implied pledge *to imitate him*, and to sustain, to adhere to, and to *perpetuate his principles* and his policies. "The God of Israel said, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." We accept this as high authority for the right qualification in a ruler. Then we must ourselves be that which we require in our rulers. If we mourn for the fallen Chief Magistrate we thereby praise him:

if we praise him we thereby bind ourselves to imitate him and carry on his work. Therefore when you rise and go forth from this day's services, go and be as he was; go and according to your place and ability do as he did.

We also mean that while afflicted, we are thankful for the great boon of having had such a ruler set over us in divine providence. This is a day of *Thanksgiving* in which we remember the way in which we have been led out of the dark night of the past four years, and the leader whom the God of Israel gave us. The surest way of receiving further favors is to be thankful to the Giver for the favors already received.

It is also for *humiliation* and *prayer* that we are here. We are humbled in shame and in penitence. It is a shame that the first and only assassination of a Ruler which has occurred in two and a half centuries has occurred just where among all nations and in the person of all men it was least to be expected.—Nowhere is life felt to be so secure. Nowhere does the just restraint of civil government press so lightly. There was never a man and is not one alive of more kindness of heart than was our murdered President. In him was no personal cause to provoke the fiendish deed. It was only as the representative of Union and freedom that the assassin sought his life. And it was only as the assassin was himself the representative of ideas at war with our national ideas that he did it. And therefore we blush for shame that our beautiful country has been the theatre of war against the best

government which has blest mankind, and the scene of the direst tragedy that has ever damned its hero to deathless infamy. We are humbled and ashamed that Abraham Lincoln—purely an American production, the growth and expositor of our institutions—could not be left to ripen into a still more mature development, and to shadow with his benign influence when hoary with age and piety and wisdom, the millions who lament his “untimely taking off.”

There is also the *shame for sin* which well becomes us. From Isaiah's standpoint and with his eye, the man of God seeing the desecration of the Sabbath, and the open profanity, and the shameless intemperance, and the growing luxury, and the grasping covetousness, and the rampant infidelity,—all too prevalent, would be apt to say, “Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity! Why should ye be stricken any more?” It is well that among the many significances of the deed of horror and of the lessons of this day of humiliation, that we afflict ourselves and fast and search our ways and repent and turn to the covenant God of the fathers of our nation with full purpose of new obedience. The heart of the people is now soft. Peace has come to set its seal upon the wax which the great war has softened. Were it mine to engrave the legend to be stamped upon the soft, warm, new heart of this people, “redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled” from secession and rebellion and war and slavery, and now unified by all their toil and sorrow, it should be HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

We are now entering upon a new era in our history. It is the era of Justice and Democracy. Justice, let us hope, and not *Policy* is to be our national aim and individual motive. Hitherto with all our boast we have been Oligarchs and Aristocrats and not Democrats; for not all the men in the nation have been free. The new President echoes the heavenly message of which the Martyr was the mouth of God, that under the necessities of the times and the authorities of the land, by the sense of mankind, and in justice, the bondman is released from his shackles. Now, a true christain is a democrat; every man is his neighbor, and his neighbor is his brother. We are all democrats in name. Let us be christians and then we shall be democrats in fact. And then, like Justice whose bandaged eyes sees not a man's color or dress or equipage but only seeks to know if he is a man, we shall put the ballot in the hand that was not too black or hard to carry our muskets. We ought to deem him good enough to vote who was willing to die for a country which we conceded was as much his as ours when we asked and accepted him to fight for us. The war has made the slave a freedman;—let the peace which this war has conquered make him a freeman. In war he was a fellow countryman and a fellow soldier. Christianity and democracy demand that now he shall be recognized and hailed a fellow citizen, a fellow sovereign;—just as on the platform of a common salvation we hail all who are renewed by the grace of God

by the higher style of fellow christian and brother in the Lord. This is the work which our lamented President has bequeathed to us. To do it will be the fitting evidence of repentance of our past sin in withholding from the bondman those rights which are defined in the great charter of our nation. It will be *safe*, for the negroes are loyal. It is *just*, because they are men. It is *due*, because they have earned it. It is *necessary*, because they will be unprotected without it. It is *consistent*, for there can be no genuine democracy without it. It is the dictate of humanity. It is the spontaneous offering of hearts grateful for noble services. It is the development and application of christianity. It is the logical corollary of the Proclamation of the already world-honored Emancipator.

These are the last services of the great funeral. Shall we turn away from the grave around which the people have gathered to-day without a reflection that we too are mortal? And can we, dying hearers, under the impression that we must also pass away, indulge in pride or ambition or malice, or shall we presume to defer the needful preparation? We could not have been told more emphatically that at such an hour as we think not the Son of man cometh. We can learn another lesson from the familiar and favorite lines which were ever in the thoughts of the great and good man whom we can neither too much mourn nor too much eulogize. They

show us that he was humble and mind-
ful of death.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast sailing
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud—

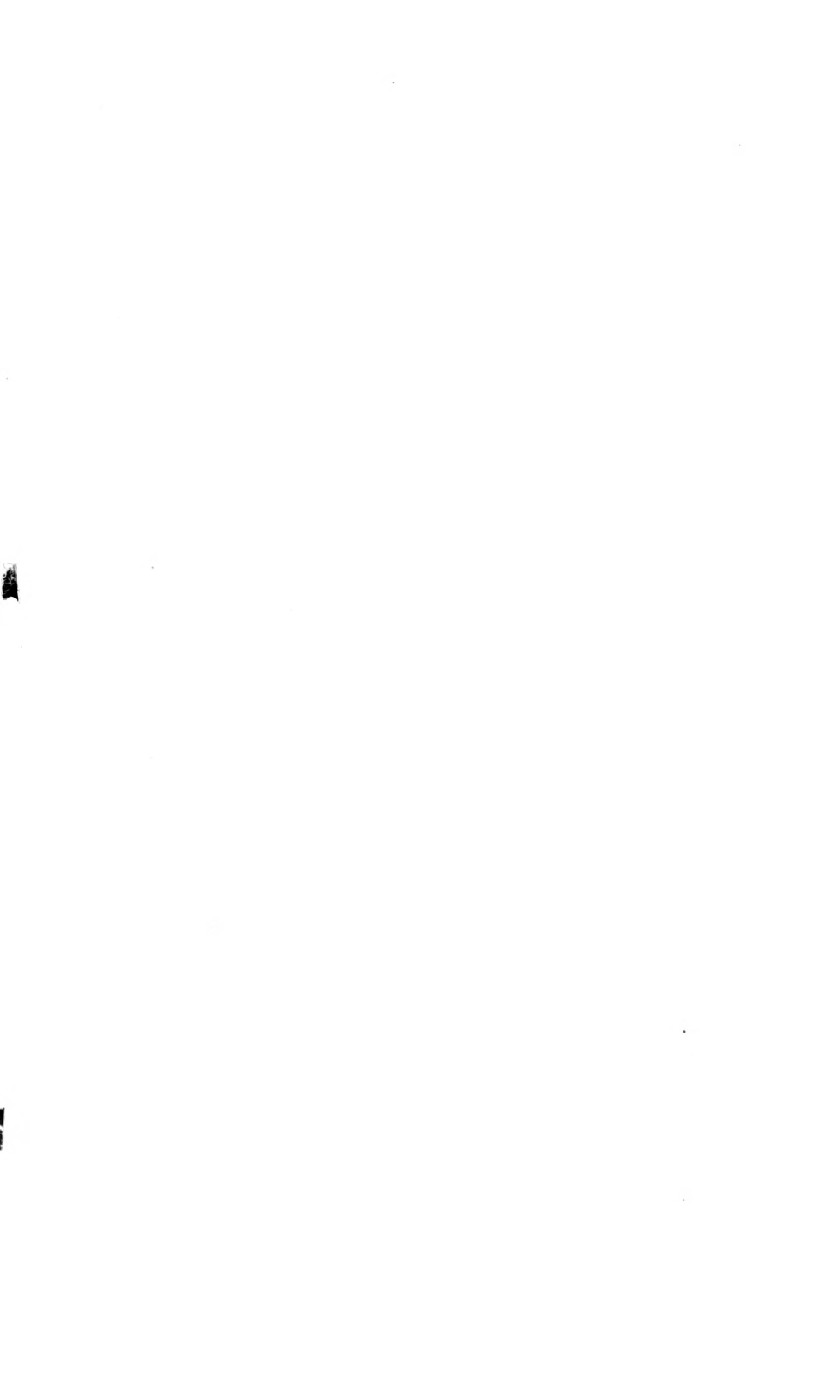
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

Abraham Lincoln needs no monu-
ment. His works praise him. When
the Hebrews forget Moses then his name

will cease to be known and honored.
All Judah and Jerusalem mourned for
Josiah like unto whom was there no king
before him, neither after him arose
there any like him. All true men in
all the world are mourners in the fune-
ral of our great Reformer. There can
never again in our country arise one
like him. The work he did is done for
all time.

“His monument shall be his name
alone.” No man can write his epitaph.

“Could we solidify the tears
Shed for our Martyr-President,
Those precious jewels were enough
Piled up, to build his monument.”





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